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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

[Continued from last week.]

We now find ourselves landed at "Marie zum Schnee." Here stands an old institution known by the Swiss as "das Klösterli," or the Cloister, inhabited by a few Capuchin monks, who are seen in and around the building as you pass by. An auberge is found near it, for the accommodation of the traveller and pilgrim, who, in conformity with his vow or sense of religious duty, comes to this venerable spot for purposes of devotion. In the pictures of the Rigi, the "Marie zum Schnee" is a favorite subject of the artist, as it combines with the rare beauties of Alpine Nature those mysterious influences of the Catholic poetry, which exert such an universal sway throughout the whole domain of Art. Our friend G—e, arrived at this point, showed evident marks of fatigue. My first suggestion, therefore, to him was to exchange my black steed for his Alpen-stock, an idea he seemed to relish with much gout. Surrendering my animal to him, I tried the winding paths of the mountain on foot, bearing my whole weight, at times, on the trusty Alpen-stock. This mode of travel up the Rigi certainly has its delights; for all along the sides of the pathway the banks are a soft, green sod, adorned with Alpine flowers. Here the Alp-rose flourishes in the vicinity of the perpetual snows; the humble gentiana, the oxalis, and the polygala, and numerous other diminutive but exquisite plants invite the botanist to a feast.

We enter the region of the shepherd's abode: the cows are seen grazing on the slopes, and their bells furnish a part of the mountain music, the shepherd usually lying listlessly at full length on the green sward. The grassy sides of the

mountain should be selected in preference to the gravelly paths, being softer to the tread, and, when exchanged, by turns, for the rough and washed out roads, alleviate the hardships of the adventurer.

Just as the sun began to sink beneath the higher eminences, the first auberge appeared in view, at the upper extremity of an ample but natural lawn, the verdure of which gleamed beautifully in the declining solar light. I found on my arrival there that a two miles' walk from the "Klösterli" had put my pedestrian abilities fully to the test, and was glad to resume my position on the saddle of my black steed, and surrender the Alpen-stock to G—e. Here, from the "Staffel," the first glimpse is obtained of the Lake of Luzerne, which, on a near approach to the vast precipice that overhangs it, is seen lying far below, contracted, from the small capabilities of the naked eye, into an apparently miniature sheet of water. Hence the ascent, over a new series of zig-zags, leads to the Culm, which is accomplished, by a fresh onset, in the course of thirty minutes. The traveller here finds two ample hotels, fitted up in comfortable style; and it may afford some idea of the immense rush of travel to the Rigi, during the months of July, August, and September, when it is stated that these two buildings accommodate five hundred guests.

The whole space of ground in occupancy on the top of this peak, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, cannot exceed a few acres, and the space left around the hotels is barely sufficient to enable the spectator to move to and fro as he surveys the wonderful scene around him. Being at length safely landed at the door of the hotel, we surrendered our horses to the guide, who, after attending to their requirements and his own, returned the same evening to Arth.

Having become duly installed in our new mountain abode, which we proposed to occupy for a single night, and made acquaintance with the interesting proprietor and his wife, who furnish the most luxurious provision for all the wants of their guests; chosen our rooms, and appointed our places at the table d' hôte, which always comes off soon after sunset, we strolled out, each with an extra coat to encounter the cold winds driving across this elevation from the adjacent snowy Alpine peaks. The sun was nearly touching the western hills, and the great exhibition of Nature we had come to witness was just about to take place. A few minutes prior to this act of the drama, one of the people of the Culm comes forward with a long wooden instrument, known in poetry as the Alp-horn, and sends forth, with all the shepherd's art, that peculiar melody which the Alpine solitudes have engendered, and which

the elves themselves delight to hear. Regarding this subject from a musical stand-point, the sunset scene on the Culm has its peculiarly fascinating features, although the Alpine melody possesses less positive material in itself, than force of subjective influence on the soul.

To myself, the whole was a preconception brought into realization by the facts of a visual picture. It would be useless to go in search of such an imaginative enjoyment, without a preparatory training in the poetry of Schiller or Goethe, who have defined with such depth of coloring the charms of Swiss scenery. The Alp-horn performs its wild strain, and the spectator listens in silence to tones that here can find no echo from neighboring mountains, and then gazes around on the distant peaks, and far down on the landscape already cast into an evening shade. Lake Zug sleeps quietly on one side, and that of Luzerne on the other. They are so far down within the vast abyss, that their size has diminished into the smallest proportions. Once more the Alp-horn indulges you with its pastoral tones, and, as these die away, the sun's orb touches the horizon.

Twilight now rests upon the world below, and the far distant hamlets, scarcely discernible, seem preparing for the coming night. But here our evening has not yet arrived. A bright, crepuscular light is thrown around you, and the still higher elevations seen to the left, as the Bernese Upper Alps, and the Jungfrau, are gleaming in their frigid, snowy whiteness. The evening picture of the Rigi Culm ranks above the capabilities of word-painting, of the pictorial artist, or of the tone-painter.

Its fame is not of that description which draws the curious after an imaginary wonder, but it owes its glory to that substantial material which gives birth to true Art. Before making the ascent, the mind is at a loss to conjecture what can impart such a magical beauty to a sunset on the Rigi; but when it finds itself suspended within that ethereal world, and traces all the remarkable features of Swiss mountain and valley, it finds itself placed within those realms of discovery to which it rarely gains access. No two minds are ever found to vibrate alike when touched by the musical wand of Nature, and thus each individual of the hundreds who gaze simultaneously on this grand spectacle from the Rigi Culm, listens to a distinct melody within his soul.

It is the wont of commonplace art to resort to all the puerile similitudes supposed to exist between great things and small, making only the objective the source of that which we define as beauty in Nature. But when I found myself placed in this position, no terms of word-descrip-

tion, no imagery drawn from lesser things, no tones expressive of emotional influences caused on the spot attempted to be described, were adequate to the purposes of that description. In music, certain conventional tones, corresponding with similar heart-vibrations, are productive of a language understood and felt by all humanity, of whatsoever clime or race.

In all the sublime creations of the natural world there is a similar appeal made to the æsthetic sense; and though the response given is not identical, it is still a kindred feeling.

In the description of emotion inspired by music lies the description of the music itself, and if we could succeed in any such attempt, we might furnish the most perfect critique on musical composition ever aimed at. Now, since we cannot do this, we have recourse to the individuality of the tone-master, and, by merely naming him, we unfold the whole story of the emotions inspired by him. Let me then say that the great display of Nature, as viewed from the summit of the Rigi, consists mainly of Switzerland and the Alps.

The general feeling pervading the groups standing here and there, wherever a foothold can be secured on the surface of this little airy territory, is evinced by the profound silence, which indicates a deep impression. In all the movements before you, Nature herself is the actress.

The effulgence of the sun's fading light now gradually disappears; the zenith, for a few moments illumined by the last reflections of this light, now sinks into that profoundly dark blue that characterizes the higher atmosphere of these elevated regions, and then we find night approaching. This generally forms the first scene on the Rigi Culm; the second is the sunrise on the following morning, provided all things prove auspicious, and no clouds mar the perfection of an eastern horizon. After reaching the summit, days sometimes elapse before either spectacle of sunset or sunrise is afforded to the impatient parties awaiting the event.

The cold evening winds soon compelled us to seek shelter within the comfortable auberge, now all cheerfully lighted up, with a bountiful table d'hôte in readiness for us. It might seem as if the magic of an Aladdin's lamp had been exerted to provide the feast, and all the other appointments of the house in which we were sheltered on this bleak peak of a lofty mountain. Every article used, and all the food consumed within the hotel, is carried up either in panniers or on men's backs generally the whole distance from Arth, nine miles. We were, therefore, not a little surprised to find such ample provision made for our palates within the low, long *salle à manger* of this Swiss auberge. Goethe relates that during his ascent of the Rigi, which took place eighty years ago, his evening's collation on the mountain top consisted of baked fish, eggs, and tolerable wine.

The enterprising citizen of Arth who dwells here during the season, and caters for a public drawn from all quarters of the world, has improved the cuisine of these cheerless heights since the time of the great German poet; and as we found our gastronomic propensities wonderfully exerted between one and nine P. M., we were delighted to accept what was set before us. The good Swiss *Ivourne* loses none of its generous qualities in this elevated atmosphere; and after the viands which constitute a legitimate French *dîner* had been discussed, the wine which

bears so good a reputation was called in requisition to crown the geniality of the feast in the clouds.

[Conclusion next week.]

From my Diary, No. 18.

Dec. 28th.—Lilla Linden! Lilla Linden! Sweet name! And how appropriate it is, for Lilla Linden is musical, and has had the "Linden Harp" printed for the author at 200 Mulberry (sweet name again) Street, in New York. Moreover the Linden Harp is "A Rare Collection of Popular Melodies adapted to Sacred and Moral Songs, original and selected." Original—mark that. So Lilla Linden is not only musical, she is a poetess. And such a sweet poetess too. See here:

O, see this Linden Harp,
'Twas just left at our door!
A prettier music-book
I never saw before.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Buy a Linden Harp?
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Buy a Linden Harp?

Here are the melodies
We like so much to sing;
The sound of these sweet notes
Will joyful memories bring.
Will you, &c.

Here is the 9th stanza:

And then it is so cheap,
I'm sure I cannot see
How (with so much to please)
The book and price agree.
Will you, &c.

And here the 12th:

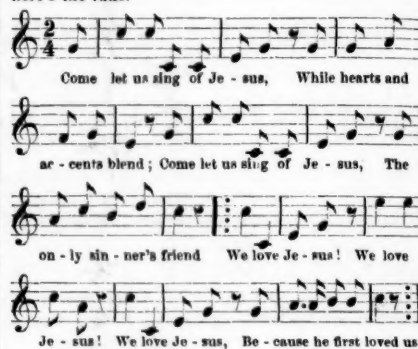
Of course Papa says "yes,"
For who could answer "no,"
When such a book as this
Their children to them show?
Will you, &c.

In writing upon such a delightful theme as this, one is tempted to linger until his manuscript is more extensive than the book itself. There seems to be no end to the pleasant ideas which Lilla Linden's Linden Harp awaken in the musical-poetic mind of the Diarist. But as there must be bounds to all finite things—"these be truths!"—I must bridle my steel pen, and curb my prancing Pegasus.

With groanings that cannot be uttered I pass over, with a single remark, the fact stated in the preface: "We have consulted the tastes of youth generally in the selection of melodies * * *." My remark is, that it must strike every unprejudiced person as a most excellent thought—this of "giving up the old, antiquated and absurd notion, that it is our duty to form, guide and cultivate the tastes of children and youth. Lilla Linden discards it. Let us all follow her example, not only in music, but in other things. What a stride in advance will education make as soon as the new principle shall be universal!

My limits forbid the notice of but a single point among the many which a perusal of the music forces upon my wondering and delighted mind—viz: the immense advantage which the generation of children now on the stage of life, with the Linden Harp in their hands, has over that generation to which ever so many years ago I belonged. I was taught by doubtless an ignorant and misguided mother—it was not her fault surely—only her misfortune—to sing "Mear," "Peyel's Hymn," "Windsor," "York," "Medway," "Eaton," and other tunes of similar character, consisting of long-drawn notes, with nothing "lively" about them. I verily believed that they were music! In the ignorance to which I was condemned by the mistaken views under which I was reared, my small-boy heart used to swell in my bosom, and my whole being for the moment change,

as I joined my childish soprano to my mother's tenor, or whatever part she chose to sing, in those, as I then thought, heavenly strains. Alas! the effects of the prejudices then impressed upon my mind still remain; and as I at this moment transcribe the following exquisite adaptation of sacred verse to secular song, nothing but my entire confidence in sweet Lilla Linden leads me to admit how much better a Sabbath school tune it is than such as I learned in my childhood. What a pity! It is too late to help it—but children now are better off. Well-a-day! here's the tune.



She has consulted the tastes—sweet Lilla Linden has—of children just so beautifully in her adaptations of "Barbara Allen," "Ben Bolt," "Cheer up, my lively lads," "Come rest in this bosom," "Comin' through the rye," "Crambambuli,"—with a bar too much in the melody—"Good old times," "I won't be a nun," "Lilly Dale," "O Susannah," (We'll not give up the Bible, &c.) "Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom," "Yankee Doodle," and others like them; and thus, "it will be observed, 'innocent sounds,' 'moving strains,' and 'melting measures,' are 'retained in Virtue's cause.'"

One defect must be noted in the Linden Harp; and this is, that it is far too small. Perhaps, however, Lilla has another volume in preparation. If so, I would suggest that she, if a New Yorker, walk occasionally down to Water street and the Five Points, and note down the lovely melodies in vogue in those sinful districts, and retain them also in Virtue's cause. By teaching these popular melodies in Sunday schools, she is doing one service to the public, of which doubtless she is quite unaware—many a Christian does his Master service without knowing it. It is this. As you walk the streets of a large city of an evening, and pass the engine-houses, and other places where the delights of song are known, your ears are painfully conscious how few of the singers have been properly taught the popular melodies of the day. Now, by bringing them into the Sunday schools, and drilling the boys and girls upon them until each note is correctly sung, we are raising up singers who in after years will but have to learn the original texts, and then all will go in smooth and delightful harmony. Lilla Linden is doing this good work. Let her persevere, and generations of Bowery boys, yet unborn, will, in after years, as they begin to "run wid der masheen," rise up and call her blessed.

So mote it be!

Dec. 30.—Last evening, concert in old Cambridge by Satter, assisted by Mrs. Harwood, vocalist, and Mr. T. H. Hinton, pianist. Audience small; hall cold; the performers therefore labored under double disadvantage. As a rule, Cambridge is a poor place for a concert-giver. The really musical public is small, and those who belong to the class are regular attendants upon the concerts in Boston. Besides this, they have a regular series of private performances by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club at their houses; and thus the inducements must be strong which will call them out to the Lyceum hall. Mere

displays of the virtuoso are not among these inducements, unless in the case of some world-renowned performer, who has not yet lost the attraction of novelty through oft hearing.

Now the reputation of Mr. Satter is that of one who has conquered all the difficulties of the piano; who is a master of the technics of that instrument; who can do things in the way of finger gymnastics which place him in the same rank with Thalberg in this respect. People have the impression,—I think wrongly; but that makes no difference, the effect is the same,—that he values himself as a performer for these powers, and that his aim is rather to astonish and dazzle by what he can do, than to call out our finer feelings by showing us, through the works of the great masters, how he can feel. I very much doubt if Thalberg could draw more than a single audience here. Our musical people have had enough of virtuosoism, and ask now for solid, soul-inspiring music. A concert-giver must know the taste of his public, and here "immense power," "pearly runs," and all those qualities described by the stereotyped phrases of the day, possess little attraction. They like the Sonatas of Beethoven, the Nocturnes of Chopin, the Lieder ohne Worte of Mendelssohn, and the like. That is the taste. There is little curiosity felt to hear what is new. They attend a concert to get musical enjoyment, not to criticize new men and new music. Hence so very small an audience last night. A man whose power over the instrument should bear no comparison with that of Mr. Satter, but who had made himself known as a thorough lover of those compositions which our small musical public here delights in,—as a man, who enters fully into the spirit of the masters named above, and can at least respectfully convey that spirit in his performances, would probably have had a full hall. Doubtless a man who, like Mr. Satter, has been reared in the city of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and who possesses unquestionably such great talent, might play those masters in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. We belong so much to the "old foggy" order out here, that the reputation for that sort of thing is worth double that of being the greatest conqueror of difficulties.

Liszt himself would "draw" but two or three times here had he not a well-earned reputation of blending the highest poetic conception of such works as the Beethoven Sonatas, with his almost superhuman mastery of the technics of the art. So much in explanation of the smallness of the audience.

The impression made upon me, the first time I heard Mr. Satter, by his remarkable command of his instrument, has been strengthened by each of his performances which I have attended. And last evening it was rendered still deeper. For instance, his playing of the "Tannhäuser" overture struck me as the most remarkable production of an orchestral composition upon the piano-forte that I have ever heard. It is a necessity of the case, that a work which depends so much as this upon the coloring of the different instruments, and the contrasts of quality in tone, which they afford, must lose much by being so transferred—for instance, the violin figures projected upon the full, mellow notes of the horns towards the close. But this consideration only adds to the surprise which one feels at so successful an arrangement and performance as was the one in question. In admirable contrast to the power with which he wrought out the mighty crescendos of this work, was that delicious Minuet from a Mozart Symphony, which, for delicacy of shading and neatness of execution, as Satter plays it, impresses me as a very remarkable specimen of piano-forte playing. A Fantasia upon Ernani, à la Thalberg, an Impromptu by Chopin, arrangements of Meyerbeer's Coronation March by the performer, and of the Sextette in Lucia, by Liszt, the Carnival of Venice, by Satter, and

a delicious melody set in showers of pearls, in answer to a call, completed Mr. Satter's share of the programme. He accompanied Mrs. Harwood in some of her pieces deliciously. Mr. Hinton, as I understand, a pupil of Mr. Satter, played a solo on the piano-forte, and accompanied Mrs. H. in a manner decidedly creditable alike to himself and his teacher.

Mrs. Harwood sang an Air from *Figaro* by Mozart, Eckert's Swiss Song, Aria and Cabaletta from *Traviata* (encored), and Horn's "Cherry Ripe." It is unfortunate that I have as yet only heard her in small halls, and can hardly record more than impressions. These, however, are in a high degree favorable. Not that she is yet an artist in any high sense of the term. To this she makes no claim. But no one who has had opportunity to hear much singing, who has frequented the opera houses and concert rooms of Europe, and heard great singers there, while their powers were still in their prime, can fail to perceive that this new candidate for applause has one of those natural organs, powerful and true, which, with proper and long-continued culture, may make its possessor a singer in the large and grand style so rare, alas! now. The compass is there, and, if one can judge from the effect in so small a hall, the power is there. Moreover, so far as could be seen in the pieces sung last evening, there is no break, so ineradicable in many singers of deserved reputation, between the registers, but from the highest down to the lowest notes all is even. Birdlike voices, which can play all sorts of vocal gymnastics, are not very uncommon. But those of real power are fewer than people are aware. The former are easily cultivated, the latter require long and arduous training. Pine and soft marble are easily wrought, oak and granite require hard labor. Very probably dozens of voices may be found in Boston, who in a year or two might attain a perfection in cadenzas and roulades which Mrs. Harwood could never attain. But put them upon a grand European stage, and what would their warblings be worth? They would be lost. But take the strong, powerful soprano which Mrs. H. seems to possess, develop that power in the lower notes, smooth off the tendency to harshness in the upper region, let it be exercised upon studies until it is fully under her control, let her learn to pour out her soul in its full tones, and, avoiding all meretricious ornament, sing for sentiment, and not for mere execution, and the reward will be ample for the long and tedious training by which alone those possessed of this kind of voice ever arrive at distinction.

Jan. 6.—"The Handel and Haydn Society announce performances of the 'Creation' and 'Elijah,' with the assistance of Herr Formes," &c. &c.

Rarely does an announcement of this kind afford me so much pleasure as this, for I have heard Carl Formes in the summer of 1849—being at that time in the Rhenish city of Bonn—my Wirth's son, himself something of a singer, spoke to me of a proposed concert, and advised me by all means to attend. The concert was to be given by a bass singer, named Formes, a native of Mülheim, a few miles distant, whose voice for its power and sweetness was something extraordinary. I had never heard of the man, and required some urging. At length I consented. What was sung I no longer remember. I received but little pleasure from the performance, however, as the main object of the singer seemed to be but to show his enormous power of lungs, and I desired something nobler.

Two years afterward I was in London, and "Elijah" was given at Exeter Hall, with the same Formes in the part of the Prophet. In the meantime he had been singing constantly in opera and oratorios, and with the best and grandest models of imitation before him. I had noted the criticisms in the London papers, and was prepared to hear a very different singer

from him whose efforts had given me so little delight in the hall of the Bonn Casino. But I was not prepared to hear Formes as he then sang.

A few chords from the orchestra, and then a bit of recitative—"As God the Lord liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word!" I shall not soon forget the solemn grandeur, I think I may say majesty, with which these few words of the prophet, in firm, deep voice, were uttered. The hearer was instantly carried away from the concert room—transported back to the days when Ahab and his court trembled at the word of Elijah. You felt it to be the word of the Lord—and true, as that God liveth. The overture, which followed with its "sullen, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged," with its dark and murky pictures of "drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance, and its starved impulses," thus introduced, became as clear to the musical comprehension as an allegro or andante by Haydn. The promise of this opening recitative was fully kept. Never have I heard elsewhere aught that so came up to my ideas of what constitutes a truly great artist,—one who has organs equal to his conceptions, and adequate to the interpretation of every shade of feeling, from the sublime invocation to God the Lord, down to the tenderness of the deepest pity, and sorrow, and resignation.

What effect six and a half years of constant service have had upon Formes' gigantic powers, I do not know. I can only say that if he meets my anticipations, if he is still the singer of 1851, his performance of "Elijah" will be a musical era in the life of every auditor no less remarkable than that rendered memorable by the first hearing of Jenny Lind.

A New Mass.

[Under this caption Mr. Fry, in the *Tribune*, airs one or two characteristic heresies, and states some truths quite pertinently, in chronicleing an effort of a New York pianist in the higher walks of composition. It takes Fry to praise the "ornate, Italian" mass of a new man, and pronounce Beethoven's *Kyrie* the worst of all. But we more than half sympathize with him in regard to Palestrina.]

On Christmas Day there was performed at St. Stephen's R. C. Church, a new mass by Charles Wells, esq. If there be words eminently malleable for the purpose of music, and multicolored as to sentiment, they are those of the Latin Mass. From the *de profundis* darkness of the *Kyrie* eleison to the dazzling gush of the Gloria in excelsis; from the tranquil talk of the Beatus to the pantheistic grandeur of the Sanctus, there are found subjects for varied as well as excellent musical treatment. The religious sentiment, the ecstasy which seeks to connect the finite with the infinite—to bridge over the seen present to the unseen and endless future—being appealed to throughout, the composer has many points in his favor at starting, with a religious audience.

The music of masses has undergone many changes during the three or four hundred years in which composition has assumed a form; for it must be borne in mind, in writing about music, that of all arts and sciences, not excepting transcendental dynamics, electricity or chemistry, it has been the last to attain to eminence, or as the lyrical expositor of feeling and situation; and the reason is simple; for the other æsthetic divisions, painting, sculpture and architecture, are comparatively free of the mechanic arts in their outworkings, whereas, harmony, or sounds in combination, contradistinguished from melody, or sounds in individual sequence and rhetorical form, have only been achieved through elaborate, beautiful and complex musical instruments, whose invention was only possible under the highest state of the mechanic arts. The violin was not known to the ancients; nor the piano; nor the organ later than a crudity mentioned in the early part of the Christian era, in which water was its

motor. Then all the highest improvements of the flute, clarinet, etc., are of yesterday.

In regard to the style of music fit for masses, two different opinions prevail. The first is for the severe canticle style; the other for the more ornate and passionate. These terms are empirical as definitions of composition, but they convey the idea when the two different styles of music are heard. The Church formerly, like the Methodists now, went among publicans and sinners for the themes of the melodies of masses; and, indeed, it was once considered almost a *sine qua non* that a composer should take some "Sally in our Alley," or "I loves the Lad with the tarry trowsers," and work it into religious form, making it permeate the whole composition as a central idea. Then the Pope and Cardinals reformed the music—Palestrina being the genius of reform. Palestrina's music is the ultra severe style. Engendered at a time when melody was generally crude and illogical, the change was for the better; but the Palestrina music, notwithstanding the stereotyped puffs of it, is desolately dry as a whole—being nothing but chords and "counterpoints" or "imitations" where the subject is of such long-drawn notes that the "counterpoint" or "imitation" becomes nebulous. Kindred with Palestrina's style, but more rhythmical, is the Lutheran service music. With the growth of beautiful melody the Italian masters, Pergolesi, Cimarosa and Trajetta, and the great masters of Italian melody, though German born, Haydn and Mozart, imparted a winning seraphic beauty to the mass, quite at variance with the antecedent writing in that department. Cherubini, an Italian, whose period lies between the masters of the last century and those of the present time, wrote the mass again more in the severe or old style, though with abundant modern resources, especially of instrumentation.

The mass of Mr. Wels, the one in question, is of the Italian or ornate school. It is well conceived and expressed. There is neither mud nor nightmare in it. If the Kyrie be not good (and we do not think it is) Mr. Wels has failed, in company with others. A good Kyrie has yet to be written. They all commence too business-like. They start like a four-horse omnibus. They have no tenebral painting; no mercy-seeking tears and agony. They are all bad. Worst among them is Beethoven's—least bad is Cimarosa's, in his Dead Mass. Of the other pieces of Mr. Wels we can speak in praise, except the opening of the Gloria, which is wanting in breadth and vigor. The musical profession here may be congratulated upon having one of its members capable of producing so fluent and elegant a work. It will certainly remain in the repertory of the Church.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—The audience at EISEL'S Soirée was lamentably small, owing to the very inclement weather—unusually so, even for one of these ill-fated concerts. But it gave one a pleasant, homelike feeling, to be in the old, familiar spot again, and those who stayed away lost a very great enjoyment. The quartets were Mozart's No. 8, in F, and one of Beethoven's op. 18 series, in G; the former not as attractive as many others by the same composer, the latter an old and welcome friend, whom we can never greet often enough. In these the first violin was, as usual, not as true as it might be. As usual, too, the vocal part of the entertainment was the least interesting. Miss HENRIETTE BEHREND (said, by the way, to be *Madame Somebody* now), at best a mediocre singer, gave us a lively, dashing number from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, and a song by Mr. Eisfeld, which struck me as having less worth than his other similar works. The *pièce de resistance* was Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON'S playing of a Trio by Litolff. Why the

lady has such a predilection for this composer, I cannot imagine, unless it is because she has studied with him, which must, I think, have been the case. His writings are often rather far-fetched than original, with more phrases than melodies, and, though very difficult, rarely very "grateful," as the German has it. But in spite of all these drawbacks, Mme. Johnson won the admiration of all who heard her, meriting it even more on this occasion than at her own concert. The degree of force which she possesses is really remarkable in her, and, indeed, surpasses that of many male pianists. Her execution is exceedingly fine, and she plays with an *elan* and a spirit which quite carry one away. Her rendering of the Scherzo, a bold, dashing, reckless piece, in broken triplets, and requiring force and yet lightness and untiring skill, was magnificent. It remains yet to be seen whether feeling is as much an element of Mme. Graever's playing as strength and fluency; the Adagio in this Trio of Litolff's gave her no fair chance to display any such trait—it was in itself too cold and heavy. She plays to-night at a charity concert for the Italian Society, and again at the Philharmonic on Saturday. Indeed, she will soon win her way here. She is, so to speak, the *only* female pianist we have ever heard, for all who have visited us before dwindle into nothing before her.

Mr. Ulmann has begun the year with unheard-of splendor. Indeed, the close of its predecessor had some need of being eclipsed, for the performance of *Fidelio* on Wednesday was all but a failure. FORMES, of course, was splendid, and CARADORI good, but not equal to what previous announcements had led one to expect. But the other parts were only very indifferent, and in one or two instances even much worse. Thus the quite important and difficult character of Pizarro was entrusted to a mere chorus singer, who, as soon as he began to sing, was hooted and hissed, and hardly suffered to proceed. What a pity it is that this opera of operas can never be well produced in this country! How can the public ever learn to love and appreciate it, if they see and hear it in this way? On Friday, a "cheap night" was given, with *Lucrezia*. For a description of Saturday's attractions, however, words fail me, and I can do no better than send you a programme of the unprecedented array. Truly, Mr. Ulmann is prince of American opera managers.

THE THALBERG TESTIMONIAL

Will consist of Four Distinct Performances:—

1.—AN OPERA MATINEE, to commence at 1 P. M., when will be given the whole of Donizetti's Opera, in three acts, of *Lucia di Lamermoor*.

2.—A GRAND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, at 7½, by an orchestra of seventy, when will be produced the whole of BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY, (the 5th.), and for the first time in America, BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY, (Die Weihe des Hauses,) in C major.

3.—THALBERG'S FAREWELL CONCERT, at 8½, on which occasion the great basso, CARL FORMES, and Madame CARADORI will make their first and only appearance in Concert, together with THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS.

The following will be the prominent features of the Concert: Carl Formes will sing "The Wanderer," with the celebrated obligato accompaniment by Thalberg—Thalberg will play for the first time a Fantasia on "Lilly Dale," written expressly for this occasion.—Mme. Caradori will sing the celebrated Aria from "Der Freyschütz."—"The Huguenots Duet," by Thalberg and Vieuxtemps.

4.—The Grand Oratorio of MOZART'S REQUIEM.—The immense celebrity of this classical composition, the romantic interest attached to its history, the great number of Artists who will take the solo parts, combining the talents of four cantatrices, La Grange, Caradori, D'Angri, Milner; of four tenors, Bignardi, Labocetta, Perring, Simpson, and of Carl Formes; the imposing force of Chorus and Orchestra,—cannot fail to render this performance the crowning effort of the season. This most celebrated work has been rehearsed since September by the full force of the Liederkreis.

The house was crowded to the utmost, and yes-

terday it was announced that "as the sale of tickets had to be stopped on Saturday night, and as Mr. THALBERG was to leave early the next morning, the 'Testimonial' would be repeated that day, with a few changes in the evening's programme, and the substitution of *Traviata* for *Lucia* in the morning." As I had no desire of being killed with weariness, I did not attend on either occasion; but I am told that all the performances were very satisfactory. I regretted losing the Fifth Symphony, the *Requiem*, and Formes in the "Wanderer," but not "Lilly Dale," I must say. I hope some other opportunity will offer to hear the great basso in chamber music. For to-morrow night the "Barber" is announced, with Formes in the minor rôle of Basilio, and a very good cast otherwise. Thursday is another "cheap night," with *Martha*, when the house will probably overflow with Teutons, both Christian and Israelite; and on Friday *L'Italiana in Algieri* is to be produced for the first time in America. Saturday is the Philharmonic Concert, with LABOCETTA and GASSIER as fellow-soloists to Mme. GRAEVER, and for Monday "Elijah" is spoken of. So one amusement crowds upon the heels of the other, and the mere pleasure lover can employ his time well enough. There has never been such a season before in New York.

Mrs. KEMBLE recommences her activity by reading Hamlet for the benefit of the St. George Society on Saturday night. After that, she begins a new course of thirteen readings on Monday, the 11th. I am glad to see she has engaged Dodworth's Saloon, which is far more agreeable than the room in which her first course was held. For the first week are announced King John, Macbeth, Much Ado about Nothing, and the Merchant of Venice.

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NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—The "Thalberg Testimonial" is the most notable musical event of the past week. It consisted, to copy from the bills, of "four different entertainments," though three of them were rolled into one long evening performance, commencing at half-past seven, and closing about eleven, with Mozart's *Requiem*. In the afternoon we had "Lucia," with LAGRANGE, LABOCETTA, and GASSIER; but as it was only put on the bills to fill up and make a show, no special effort was made to do it well. Labocetta roused himself at the close of the second act, and gave us some idea of what he can do if he chooses. I must, however, except Signor Gassier, who always sings and acts like a thorough, conscientious artist. The mantle of our great and noble Badioli could not have fallen on worthier shoulders. The famous duet between Edgardo and Ashton was omitted altogether; Labocetta died as respectfully as any one could who was in a hurry to get home to his dinner; Gassier, who could not help feeling very badly at the sad end of Lagrange (Lucia), put his hand on his aching head, partly to hide (!) his emotions, and partly to hide an expression of great satisfaction he no doubt felt at the opportunity he would soon have of drowning his sorrows in a bottle of champagne and a good dinner.

The evening performance opened with a "Philharmonic Concert," including Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (C minor), and his "Fest Overture." The Symphony was exceedingly well played, but

the confusion of people coming in, getting seats, "Young America" bobbing around, looking for expected friends and acquaintances, made it impossible to enjoy the music. Such music requires at least a perfect quiet for its full enjoyment.

The miscellaneous concert which followed was only "fair to middling." The programme was as follows:

- 1—Fantasia, Don Giovanni.....Thalberg.
S. Thalberg.
- 2—Fantasia.....Vieuxtemps.
Henri Vieuxtemps.
- 3—The Wanderer.....Schubert.
Carl Fornes.
- The accompaniment by S. Thalberg.
- 4—Scena, Der Freyschütz.....Weber.
Mme. Caradori.
- 5—Fantasia, Lilly Dale.....Thalberg.
Expressly composed for this occasion and performed
by S. Thalberg.
- 6—Duet, The Huguenots.....Thalberg.
Vieuxtemps and Thalberg.

The Fantasia, "Don Giovanni," is an exceedingly pretty, dainty *morceau* on the serenade: "*Deh vieni alla finestra*," and the Minuet. The Fantasia by Vieuxtemps is one of this accomplished artist's most elaborate and difficult compositions. There is enough in it to make the reputation of a regiment of good violin players.

The "Wanderer" was most capably sung by CARL FORMES. It was the first thing, so far, that fairly woke up the immense audience; tired, indifferent, lazy and sleepy, all were thoroughly aroused. I never heard a really good song, like the "Wanderer," whether German or English, *well sung*, that did not, as in this instance, give great pleasure. It has always been a matter of surprise with me that so few songs of this kind are used by our public singers.

Mme. CARADORI was not up to the mark in the Scena from *Freyschütz*. With a good voice and rather prepossessing appearance, she entirely lacks animation, or what is usually termed "musical feeling." She does not possess the power of exciting either the sympathies or emotions of her audience; and as her execution is not like that of Lagrange, of the astonishing kind, there is but little chance for her to become a brilliant star in the musical constellation.

The Fantasia, "Lilly Dale," although quite pretty in its way, was unworthy both the man and the occasion. The Duet from the "Huguenots," though admirably played, did not fail to leave the impression that in this, the only one of the "four different entertainments" in which Thalberg took a part, he had given us nothing worthy of his great reputation.

As much of your space has already been occupied, I must leave the last, best, and greatest thing of the evening with but a word. It is necessary for one to hear a composition like Mozart's *Requiem* several times, to be able to form an intelligent idea of it. The "Liederkranz" sang the choruses splendidly. I did not know we had a Society in New York that could sing music of this kind so *very well*. The Alti were too light, but the Bassi splendid. The soloists were CARADORI, MILNER, D'ANGRI, FORMES, LABOCETTA, PERRING, and SIMPSON.

It is said the receipts of the "Thalberg Testimonial" were \$4,000. It was repeated last evening, with some changes in the "filling up" of the programme.

Il Barbieri is announced for Wednesday night with a strong cast—Lagrange, Gassier, Labocetta, Rocco, and Fornes. For Friday night, *L'Italiana in Algieri*.
BELLINI.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Private Rehearsal

AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Time, 3 P. M. Scene, the Academy *not* by gaslight. Present, the orchestra in their usual place, Mr. Anschutz on the stage, alternately conversing with a solitary lady in the solo singers' seats, and flinging remarks at the orchestra, (who are loudly laughing, talking, and cracking bad jokes.) Also divers members of the Harmonic Society scattered through the house. J., G., and M., having obtained a permit, enter by a side door, grope their way along the stage behind the scenes, and seat themselves in the parquette as listeners. The first sound that greets their ear is the voice of Mr. Anschutz, shouting in German: "Here, Thomas, I've just had a letter from M——r; he writes so and so;" upon which the "audience" are entertained with a portion of M——r's private history and opinions. The orchestra very lively. Presently, Mr. Anschutz, in English, requests the members of the Harmonic Society to come forward and take the front seats of the parquette. Upon which J., G., and M., not coming under this category, withdraw, and ascend to the first circle. While the conductor's request, after several repetitions, is being fulfilled, there rises from the hubbub in the orchestra the voice of Mr. Mosenthal, reading a German letter from an absent member, of which the following fragments strike the ears of our Trio: "Most highly honored sir, &c. Herr Kapellmeister . . . not to take me, on this holy Christmas Eve, from my wife and little ones . . . spoil our domestic enjoyment . . . not hesitate to come if the rehearsal would be out at 6, but as it will probably last till 8 . . . bachelor colleagues not appreciate the validity of my excuse . . . accept my apology," &c. Mr. Mosenthal finding it difficult to decipher the letter, Mr. Anschutz snatches it from him with: "Come, thou canst not read it," and finishes it himself, amid applause and witticisms from the musicians. Finally, the chorus being seated, Mr. Anschutz introduces the solitary solo lady to the orchestra, in German, as Mme. Caradori, while the president of the Harmonic Society presents her to that body in English.

At last, more than half an hour after the appointed time, Anschutz gives the signal, and the overture is played, during which Fornes and Mme. D'Angri make their appearance. The overture ended (interspersed with many correcting remarks), the leader calls loudly for "Perring"; but "Perring" not being forthcoming, after repeated summons and a search through the house, the orchestra play the accompaniment of "Comfort ye," while Anschutz and Fornes divide the vocal part between them; the former singing the high, the latter the low notes. "Chorus!" shouts Mr. Anschutz, and a few voices in the Alto timidly strike up: "And the glory, the glory of the Lord," the other parts falling in very negligently and tamely. Indeed, to hear the choruses throughout the whole rehearsal, it was a source of wonder to the listeners how they would ever sound like anything the next evening. J., who has never heard any oratorio music, cannot judge of it at all by these specimens. It would seem that the Society had sung them often enough to know them all by this time. Mr. Anschutz excitedly does his best to help them along. Now we hear his voice: "And he shall *poo—ri—fy—*

and he shall *poo—ri—fy—y—y.*" Then, again, in "All we like sheep," he convulses singers and audience by "O, O! the sheep do go too slow, the sheep do go too slow," when the chorus lags and struggles; and his remarks, in bad English, to the orchestra, are just as amusing.

But all this levity and carelessness is singularly inappropriate to the glorious music and sublime words which the Trio have come to hear, and it is refreshing to find that the solo singers take a different view of the matter, and sing as earnestly and seriously as can be wished. Fornes' voice rolls out "The people that walked in darkness" splendidly, but still he does not quite equal Badi-ali in the same piece. In the slow minor strains of "Who may abide," and the rushing of "The refiner's fire," he satisfies completely. Mr. Perring, who has finally made his appearance, charms with his pure, sweet voice, while Mme. Caradori rather disappoints the listeners. But, O, the touching tenderness and pathos in D'Angri's "He was despised"! How exquisitely her full, rich, firm voice tells in those mournful, tear-laden tones! That wondrous music, those heart-melting words, were never more appropriately sung. That performance is enough to obliterate from the mind all trivialities, and to send the listener home bettered and elevated. And almost equally good, in its way, was: "O thou that tellest!" Truly, this woman is a great artist.

At 6 o'clock the rehearsal is about half over, and the Trio, called by home duties, reluctantly tear themselves away, lingering first to hear "The Lord gave the word," and then still lagging for the sweet tones of "How beautiful are the feet!" They find the foyers wrapt in darkness (calls for light have some time previous produced an illumination of the inner part of the house), and grope their way along with difficulty. G. tumbles half way down stairs, but recovers himself in time to avert a similar fate from the ladies; and at last they sally forth into the starlit night, and wend their homeward way, long to remember with pleasure their first impressions, the ludicrous as well as solemn, of "a private rehearsal in the Academy of Music."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 9, 1858.

New Things.

The week now closing has been, musically, not one of great things, yet one, to say the least, of new things. Night after night has brought us (by us we mean the lucky or unlucky few), for the most part in a semi-private and small way, a strangely heterogeneous string of novelties. They have been good, bad and indifferent. From a boy orchestra to a complete Motet of Bach, from Satter's bold and bizarre compositions with historical, romantic titles, to the private debut of a perhaps future Boston prima donna in the Italian school, and to choice tastings even of an original Italian opera by an American composer, there has been and is much to pique curiosity, and somewhat to instruct and gratify. We must lump together the whole motley array under one title, and despatch them with a few words for each.

1. Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, in polite French, had *l'honneur d'inviter*, &c. &c. to a "Grande

Soirée Musicale," at the Chickering saloon, last Saturday evening. It was an invitation to try the flavor of certain large and formidable fruits of the brilliant pianist's creative faculty, real or imagined. *Ece homo!* read the programme:

PREMIERE PARTIE.

- 1—Sardanapale. (Grand Trio). Satter
- Allegro molto—Romance—Scherzo—Finale bacchique
- 2—La Polonoise. (Grand Trio). Satter
- Polonaise—Légende—Menuet—Finale.
- 3—Song. By. Mrs. Harwood

DEUXIEME PARTIE.

- 1—Conte des Fées. (Grand Trio). Satter
- Presto et Andantino—Allo. deciso—Pastorale et Scherzo—
Prière—Finale joyeuse.
- 2—La Hongrie. (Quintet). Satter
- Andante et Allegro—Allegretto et Friska—Scherzo Finale.

TROISIEME PARTIE.

- 1—Songs. By. Mrs. Harwood
- 2—Songs. By. Mr. Schraubstaedter
- 3—Improvisation, in form of a Symphony in 4 movements. On themes given by the audience. By. Satter

It was all Satter—Satter all in all—if we except the songs. Two grand Trios, a Quartet and a Quintet—equal in number and length of movements to four whole Symphonies,—all too by one man, in one manner, flashing and fatiguing with the same eccentricities, were certainly a dose for an evening. That there were, in almost every part, felicities of fancy brilliancies of effect, contrasts of themes beautiful and tender with strange flurries of incontinent impulse and sudden carryings by storm; that there was evidence of unusual talent, of energy not easily exhausted or kept pace with, and of a certain sort of skill to justify adventurousness, there is no denying. Yet seemed they for the most part crude, unripened fruits. There was great fermentation, sudden bubbling up and effervescing of ideas that often promised well. But full possession and good use of thoughts, or mastery of form in any fine, artistic sense, there was not. The young writer's genius, or whatever it is that would work itself out as genius, boils over too easily, hunting its wayside fancies into the limitless and aimless. He needs to contain himself, to learn that Art must ever round itself within chaste limits, and that unity of organic form or structure, what is usually called the classical or Sonata treatment and working up of musical themes, is by no means a pedantry to be avoided, but a vital and inherent law of genuine musical unfoldings.

Of the "Sardanapalus" Trio and the "Poland" Quartet we expressed ourselves last winter, and find now little to correct of our impression of their merits and their faults, except to add that it was now more than ever obvious that Mr. Satter's Trios, Quartets, &c., are not Trios and Quartets in the sense of the masters of that form, as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. They are mainly free, fantasia-like piano-forte Concertos, the string instruments playing mere accompaniment, without much interwoven melody of individual parts, or what the Germans call *Stimmführung*. Mr. Satter is no master, (perhaps some of his admirers would say, no slave) of the contrapuntal art. His works are of the glib, impromptu order; his themes and movements such as are struck out in the heat and triumph of his own unlimited technical execution, and are worked up more to suit its purpose and illustrate its power, than by any vital principle of artistic development. The "Fairy Tale" and the "Hungarian" Quintet contained some beautiful and striking passages; but before one was through the third of the four long compositions, the impression became one of a strange monotony of dazzling caprices and surprises; as if a return to a little of good old-fashioned unity and persistency of treatment,

indeed to any standard old work, would have been positive refreshment to the fatigued and jaded sense.

After hearing all the four, we doubt if we could have listened profitably to anything, even were it a Beethoven Symphony. Still less to a Symphony extempore. The bare announcement was sheer charlatanism. What has a real artist to do with things so obviously impossible except to superficial seeming? We borrow the *Courier's* description of the operation.

The themes were selected after the following manner. With ludicrous solemnity a hat was passed around, into which every person that chose so to do, dropped a paper containing the name of a theme. A benevolently disposed editor of a morning contemporary, mistaking the object of the proceeding, and supposing it to be a charitable appeal, stretched out his hand and gravely deposited a healthy looking coin. Subsequently, four papers were taken at random from the hat; which suggested to Mr. Satter his themes. The opening movement was upon the first four bars of the "Eroica;" the second upon Schubert's "Serenade;" the third upon a few bars of music written out on the paper; the fourth on the opening phrase of the last movement of Beethoven's second symphony. The improvisation was most remarkable. In the last movement, a well-balanced fugue in several voices or parts was introduced.

We have no doubt the improvisation was "remarkable," but are quite sceptical about that "well-balanced fugue," as well as about the artistic working up in true Sonata form of those four first bars of the *Eroica*. Mendelssohn, or Mozart, might perhaps have done such things; but such men are the very last who would have challenged observation to in this public way.

2. As far as possible from private was the concert in the crammed and crowded Music Hall, on Sunday evening, by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian. It was a sort of Roman Catholic good time, and a very curious one. Part First consisted of "Sacred Music;" Part Second of Christmas Tableaux, such as "Shepherds tending their flocks," accompanied by Handel's music. The boys, some forty of them, were marched upon the stage in military uniform, with little caps trimmed with scarlet, scarlet epaulets, and scarlet stripes to their pantaloons. They ranged themselves along the half-moon front edge of the platform, heads erect. When their superior clapped his hands, they all bowed and touched their hats; a second clap meant "right about face"; at the third they filed off, some to the singers' seat, and twenty of them, who had instruments, to the music stands of the orchestra. Quite a miniature regiment of the church militant! The orchestra comprised about five violins, two clarinets, two flutes, two trumpets or cornets, a trombone, two or three big cousins of the Sax-tuba tribe, and drums and triangles *quant. suf.* There was also a *figlio del reggimento* in the person of a small four-year-old, in frock and red shoes, who was placed in front of all, with a small drum, which he belabored with uncertain, pattering strokes. Mr. WERNER, their teacher and conductor, takes his place in the rear, with violin in hand, and a somewhat flat and dead-sounding trumpet leads off, much too slow, the first piece of "Sacred Music," the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn; there is plenty of discord, the violins are scarcely heard, the effect is dismal, as might have been expected of the first public trial of an orchestra of boys; although for boys they showed a good degree of skill. Of course all allowance should be made.

The advantages of such practice in concerted music are obvious, but we must question whether any good can come from exhibiting a crude boy orchestra in public. Another orchestral piece was "When the swallows homeward fly." The singing of certain church pieces, such as *Veni Christe*, by Cherubini, a *Gloria* by Mr. Werner, &c., was highly creditable; good tune, precision, fresh and musical ensemble of voices. In some pieces the soprano and alto of the boys had an effective complement in the tenor and bass of a good choir of amateurs. The zeal and patience with which Mr. Werner labors to make musicians of these boys is worthy of all praise, but such orchestral and military exhibition of them is at least a questionable policy. Yet with time and continuance of proper training an effective and well-blended orchestra may one day put all incredulity to shame. Our Romanist friends may have their crudities in Art (and so have we), but we must give them credit for a warmer interest, prompting them to do the best they can. If we all had as much of it, we should be a much more musical people.

3. In contrast to the above, let us record the following programme, all as sterling and approved, and we may add as inwardly refreshing as it was unique and rare. Here at least we step on solid ground; no problems of a "Music of the Future" to be solved, no new-fledged idiosyncracies to be appreciated, no possibilities of genius to be predicated or guessed from daring first attempts. All musicians know that all the compositions named below are good intrinsically, and such as outlive fashions and caprices, whatever difference of taste there may be about them at any given time.

PART I.

- 1—Motette V (from *Romans*, ch. viii.) for Chorus in Five Parts and Solos. J. S. BACH.
- Corale—Coro—Corale—Trio—Coro—Fuga, Andante—Corale—Trio—Quartetto—Coro—Corale.
- 2—Miriam's Song of Triumph. Cantata for Chorus and Soprano Solo. FR. SCHUBERT.
- Allegro*: "Strike the Cymbal, sound the Timbrel"
- Allegretto*: "Out of Egypt like a Shepherd"
- Allegro agitato*: "Darkness o'er the sky is brooding"
- Allegro*: "In his wrath the Lord appeareth"
- Andantino*: Now thou diest, Pharaoh"
- Finale*: "Strike the cymbal, sound the timbrel"—
"Sing unto the Lord of heaven"

PART II.

- 3—Psalm XLIII. "Judge me, O Lord," for Chorus in eight parts. MENDELSSOHN.
- 4—May Song, for four voices. ROBERT FRANZ.
- 5—Sacred Song, for Chorus and Solos. HAUPTMANN.
- 6—Two Choruses from "Armida." GLUCK.
- "Great is the glory when laurels we gather."
- "Songs of love in the grove sings the nightingale."
- "Great is the glory," etc.

The performers were a private Club of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs, partly professional, who have for some time enjoyed the thorough training of Mr. OTTO DRESEL in this kind of music. The occasion was Charity—for the benefit of the "Channing St. Home;" the place, Chickering's; time, last Monday evening; audience, some 250 private subscribers, at \$2.00 each; result, exquisite musical impressions and material aid, to the tune of four or five hundred dollars, to the Charity aforesaid.

Doubtless to many of the audience, the first hearing of a Motet in the severely contrapuntal style of Bach—a piece, too, lasting half an hour or more—was somewhat unintelligible and tedious. But to the musically cultivated it was a rare and welcome opportunity, and expectation was abundantly rewarded. Only one needs to

hear it more than once. And there are parts of it which *all* could feel and enjoy; the solemn, unaccompanied Chorale, for instance, which returns several times differently treated,—the last time especially with wonderful art and beauty. The perfect balance of the fresh, pure, musically blended voices, from the very first chords of the Chorale, made a delicious and profound impression. So fine an ensemble of voices has scarcely been heard in our city. Then that very florid, rapid Fugue, so full of life, so clear and perfect in its working up, and sung so admirably, must have delighted many besides scientific musicians. Such fugue singing was a new revelation to most ears; one would have to go to Leipzig, to the Thomas-Schule, where the spirit of old Bach yet haunts, to find much better. The Trios and Quartets were finely sung.

The "Miriam" Cantata was a truly Schubertian composition. There was something appropriately naive and simple in the jubilation of the opening strain—the solo of which (and of the whole Cantata), we may divulge, was beautifully rendered by Miss DOANE.—The eight-part Psalm by Mendelssohn was rich, wholesome, brief. The "The May Song," by Franz, remarkable alike for truest contrapuntal art and for poetic feeling, is as blithe and airy as the Spring, and, being admirably sung, one hearing would not satisfy. Hauptmann, the learned Leipzig professor, as he is called, passes for the type of what is most severe and dry in music; but we were surprised to hear a composition of such fluency and grace. The choruses by Gluck were quite inspiring, and like those from his "Orpheus" sung by the same Club last week, made one long for opportunities to hear more of that great lyric master.

As to execution, all these performances were models. If there were ever any fault perceptible, it was perhaps too great preponderance, not in volume, but in penetrating power, of the sopranos.

4. Besides the novelties recounted, there are more at hand. Two to-night. At the Meisnon Miss FAY, a young Boston lady, pupil of Sig. BENDELARI, who intends to go to Europe and become a public singer, gives a private concert, aided by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. She will sing *Qui la voce*, *Com' e bello*, and other difficult operatic pieces. The other is

5. A performance at Chickering's of a number of pieces—airs, duets, quartets, choruses, &c.—from Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD's new Italian Opera, "Omano," the story of which is founded upon Beckford's oriental novel "Vathek." Mr. Southard, whose health requires him to pass a year or so at the South, gives these specimens of his composition in compliance with an invitation from several musical and literary gentlemen. He will have the aid of Mrs. LONG, Miss WHITEHOUSE, Messrs. ADAMS, T. BALL, POWERS, and LANG, (pianist) and a choir of amateurs. From the specimens we heard of his English opera, "The Scarlet Letter," a few years ago, we have high expectations of "Omano." The *Courier* critic, who has heard some of it, tells us it is "of the pure, Italian school of music, but far more elaborately written than most Italian operas, and marked by extraordinary dramatic power." Tickets to this concert may be procured at the store of Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, Winter Street. The opportunity is too important to be lost.

6. On Monday evening another Catholic concert. The "Brass Band of St. Mary's Church" are to be musically complimented by the "St. Cecilia's Choral Society" and the "Mendelssohn Glee Club," assisted by the "Germania Orchestra."

7. The list of novelties ends, as it began, with Mr. SATTER. This gentleman announces a celebration of Mozart's birthday, on the 27th inst., at Chickering's, to which the public is requested to *invite itself* (in limited quantities of course). The programme, we are told, although the announcement does not say so, will be purely from the works of Mozart.

Our notice of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB concert must lie over to next week.... Our hungering and thirsting lovers of orchestral music will rejoice to hear that CARL ZERRAHN starts with a good subscription, and will give the First Concert next Saturday evening in the Music Hall. He proposes to make the concerts a series of four Festivals, each being devoted (so far at least as the first part is concerned) to the music of some one master or school. Beethoven will come first; the programme will probably contain, among other things, the *Eroica* Symphony, the *Leonora* overture, and the piano-forte Concerto in G, to be played by Mr. Satter. There will also be a Mozart night, and a Mendelssohn night, and the fourth will give us perhaps Schubert's Symphony and other recent works.... Our HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY have succeeded, after much negotiation, in engaging the great basso, Herr FORMES, and other principal artists of Ullman's company, as Mme. CARADORI, Mme. D'ANGELI, Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRING, to sing in the "Creation" and "Elijah" on Saturday and Sunday evenings, the 23d and 24th inst. This, especially the "Elijah," will be the musical event of our winter.

It will be seen by our advertising columns that the "German Trio," consisting of Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE, and JUNGNIKE, commence their fourth season on the evening of the 16th inst., by a concert at Chickering's Rooms. We understand that they will be assisted by the brothers EICHLER and Mr. ZOHLER, and that a young lady of this city will make her first appearance in public as a vocalist.

Advertisements.

**CARL ZERRAHN'S
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A limited number of cards for admission delivered, on a written application to

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N. B.—Further particulars shortly. No tickets for sale; no applications received after Jan. 23d.

MOZART FESTIVAL.

The Ladies and Gentlemen who have kindly volunteered to contribute to the Festival, are herewith notified, that the number of places shall *not exceed twelve*, and that I shall be obliged to select such as are *most suitable* for the occasion. The first rehearsal will take place *January 13th*, at my residence, at eight o'clock in the evening.

GUSTAV SATTER

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a *MUSICAL ATTENDANCE* is earnestly requested..... *SEVEN* at 9 o'clock.

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Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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OCTOBER, 1857.

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